

Poetry Series

Shalini Deamer

- poems -



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Inky Roadway

The road in which I travels;
The road which is different.
The road which takes no vows;
Always, to the unknown.

The road in which I feel lost;
The road which is undisclosed.
The road which is heavenly;
Again, which is bitter.

The road which is not us;
The road which says secretly.
The road creates an uneven desires;
Aloof, from the conflicts.

The road which bustles with life;
The road which is salty.
The road where my life starts;
Assemble, with cry-heart moments.

The road where life came with book;
The road where the flower dances.
The road where my feelings lost its smell;
Astounding, with grey sentiments.

The road which is a new one;
The road which will take me afar.
The road which is uncertain;
Absorbed, with orange nature I hope on.

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Tubes Of Paint

The flowers are so weird
They are all different;
They are strange;
They are absolutely like us.

They didn't always says everything.
But expresses with look.
They are of varied colors;
They are immature, when first grows.

Love chose the red one;
Yellow the very friend one.
White the peace one;
And, dark one is black.

We chose different people;
Some stays just to make our memories better.
Some vanishes with the time.
Again, with some we live our life.

Flowers breaks up in dawn
Comes out lavishly with smell at night.
They says their emotions,
All with velvet strange colors.

We are all similar to flora.
Our life drenched with rain sometimes;
Again, with mellow light,
showers with bushy brightness.

Flowers are fragile;
Can be broken easily, twisted and demolished.
Each and every petals then,
crushed with little darkness and unsaid cry.

With the coming night,
We both stared up at the silvery painted sky.
To convey us, the deep secret of solitude;
An uttering purple feelings between us.

A Lovelorn Story

I want to fly high,
fly in the benign sky
dance in the rain
drenched myself in the Showers.

Rains drummed against
the windsheild,
I can feel the daintness
of his touch.



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A dying of old hopes
a sense of belonging,
Leaving my heart
bereft.

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A Sketch Of Wish

Dreams are made;
Some are broken again.
Some are twisted;
The flow of life is hindered.
Started once again with rush.
'Dream', the word is fruitful
to taste.
But, difficult to face.
Dreams are in front;
Again expectations,
making their way into heart.
So, the heart cried in vain;
Is the dream broken for sadness?
Or expectations resulted,
in breaking the dream.

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Lost Way

I am sitting alone;
And whispering the song of life.
But, I can't sing any longer;
Everything became faded.
The dark clouds has taken over the sky.
Where I am going,
I don't have any idea.
Only I knew, have lost the light in life.
Slowly, I am losing the track;
Of my song.
Like a drying leaf,
Am gradually dying within my mind.
Again it started raining furiously.

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Shades Of Pastel

Yesterday is now a history;
I cannot changed it.
But still shedding;
the unhappy tears of yesterday.
The vehicle of the past haunts me.
The sunny mellow weather of yesterday
is now changed.
Transformed into a wild thunder morning.

Raining and raining;
Waiting for the rain to go away.
To take away the tears of the clouds.
Replacing the billowing mass;
With the happiness of today.

Life is going with the wind;
A very dark and thunder rush
has taken upon our lives.
I stared at the darkness;
A pale smile is taken over my face.
The green foliage of the leaves are shadowed by darkness.

Sitting under the starless sky,
everything became so pallid.
Life suddenly puts it's break.
Again the next morning came,
The sun risen gently with a vibgyor in the sky.
The sky and the clouds again started dancing;
With the happiness of getting back their lost vehicle.

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Tearing Up

Standing for the train to reach the station;
We both waited.
The train came, and he departed.
The evening lights started glowing;
I sat on a couch, revisiting the camera-clicked memories.

It's gradually started getting darker,
the nearby shopkeepers running back towards home.
I wondered!
Then, the droplets of water gradually started filling up my bucket.
The awaited rain came.

Broken pieces of thunder clouds;
the flush, the lighting created an unforeseen atmosphere.
I finished up with my drawings, sat near the inky sky.
Lime is one color that has taken over the high street.
And I wondered about the life!

Waking up from a mild sleep.
I discovered the rain has stopped.
Nine calls came.
And the television showing up the news.
The very, news.

Suddenly, my created wondering about life paused.
The mate was dead in the thundering lighting flush.

The heart cried. And I cried.
Cried in vain. Eyes teared.
The last belonging have lost.

The rain again started, but now the color of the sky is black.
Dark red eyes stared up at the unsaid feeling sky.

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Her Abridge Story

She cared and cared, but he did not.
She told him; his meaning in her life.
But he overheard.
And again her life started alone.
Friends are scattered here and there
Parent lost interest in juvenile life.
And sibling rivalry destroyed the bond
between brother and sister.
She lived her life with few mortals;
but slowly they found their way into heaven.
And, now she is swimming in sadness.
People left her in the barren land alone;
The land where life survives; but not lived.
The hopes are gradually dying up.
The teen mind lost it's calmness.
The hopes are replaced by new hopes,
The friends are replaced by new friends
And the bosom is replaced by hard bosom.
Again; the mind shivered,
try to come back to the reality.
But, the reality is absurd and abstract to be painted.

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